

# THE PATH OF THE WIND

BY  
JOHN BURTON

PS3503  
U717  
P3  
1929

BENNETT COLLEGE



0 2911 0024460 2



Thomas F. Holgate  
Library

GIFT OF

Mrs. Alice C. Clement


DATE Spring, 1951











Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2023 with funding from  
Kahle/Austin Foundation

<https://archive.org/details/pathofwind0000john>











# THE PATH OF THE WIND

To my friends

Laura and Arthur

with affectionate greetings

and every good wish

Jon Burton

Santa Barbara .

August 1929 .



# THE PATH OF THE WIND

BY  
JOHN BURTON



THE JAMES H. BARRY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS  
SAN FRANCISCO, U. S. A.  
MCMXXIX

COPYRIGHT 1929

BY

JOHN BURTON



TO  
TWO OTHERS



# CONTENTS

## PART ONE

	PAGE
JASMINE	3
SLEEPY FLOWERS, NEW MOON	4
FULL MOON	6
LOVE OF THE ENDLESS YEARS	9
TAKE MY HEART	10
LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT	12
HAVE YOU A LOVER?	13
LOVERS	14
TWO FAIR WOMEN	15
SONGS OF MY LOVERS	16
WHITE SHADOWS	18

## PART TWO

THE UNREACHABLE	23
THERE IS A TEMPLE	24
GALILEE	26
THE CAMP FIRE	28
NEW YORK—NOVEMBER	30
NEW YORK—DECEMBER	32
DRIFTING	33
THE ROAD	34
IONA	36
DREAM ISLE	38
THE MILL	39

## PART THREE

	PAGE
LIFE'S TALE	43
EVENING AND MORNING	44
EVENING REVERIE	45
THE EVENING STAR	46
DRIFTWOOD	47
AUTUMN	48
THE THRUSH	50
I HEARD A BIRD	52
DEAD SELVES	54
EVENING IN THE MOUNTAINS	55

## PART FOUR

MY BREEZES	59
LIFE	60
WAVES	62
STARS	63
HEIGHTS	64
VISTAS	66
DEATH	67
FLIGHT	68
TEARS AND SMILES	70
DESTRUCTION	72
THE SONG OF THE SEA	73
ILLUSION	74
LAUGHTER	76
SEAFARING	77
THE WILD ROSE	78

# *PART ONE*





## JASMINE

From the flower that grows neglected  
Without the walls of the temple,  
As the worshippers pass  
Into the shadow of the altar,  
There steals the scent of jasmine . . .

To all save one it is not so sweet  
As the scent of the incense  
That hangs heavily within the  
temple walls . . .

To one—a youth, bright eyed and  
chaste,  
On the perfumed wind  
Comes the knowledge of Life and  
Freedom,

And he walks no more to the temple,  
But takes his road on under the stars,  
Over the wind-swept earth . . .

Hopi House,  
Montecito,  
August, 1928.

# SLEEPY FLOWERS

NEW MOON

I breathe the night  
And the silver stars,  
In a dim lit garden  
Of sleepy flowers,

Garden lit  
By a young moon's light . .  
Day's just done  
And it's scarce night . . .

Tall trees whisper  
An evening prayer,  
Soft wings flutter  
On still air,

And my lips seek  
The fragrant hair  
Of my gentle lover  
Who brought me here,

Here to this garden  
Of delight,  
Garden that stands  
'Twixt day and night,

Where angels stoop  
To fan to flame  
Love that burns  
In the heart of man . . .

We'll never leave  
This magic land,  
Where we have wandered  
Hand in hand,

Through the ivory gates  
Of love,  
To the peace  
That waits in the heart of  
God . . .

Mission Canyon,  
Santa Barbara,  
October, 1928.

# SLEEPY FLOWERS

FULL MOON

A while ago,  
When this bright moon,  
Now full,  
Was young        and slim,  
We two  
Walked among sleepy flowers  
In a garden        dim  
Lit by a sunset's  
Afterglow . . .

Or was it two?  
Others would say 'twas so—  
Yet ask your heart and mine,  
They only know  
Of One  
Who led their love,  
Walking a pace ahead  
With softest feet  
That found an echo  
In their beat . . .

I knew not then  
Whether I gazed at stars  
Or in your eyes,  
Whether your love enwrapped me,  
Or the skies,

Whether 'twas your hand  
Lay in mine,  
Or the warm breast  
Of some sweet dove,  
At rest within a nest  
Built by my love,

I knew not  
If your fragrant hair  
Was yours or mine,  
Or the dew-scented  
Waving petals of some flower,  
Grown beyond death  
And time,

Your breath,  
Was it the wind  
That played  
Through stately pine  
Making them moan  
In ecstasy,  
As leafy arms  
Entwine?

These things I knew  
And know not—  
But one thing I know . .  
'Tis this,  
That you and I  
Shall closer grow  
Till none may see  
That there is you and me . .

There'll but remain  
One perfect scented flower  
That shall live for aye,  
Growing within love's bower . .

Whose scent shall breathe  
Sweeter than morning clover,  
In every wandering wind  
The whole world over,

Calling to such as love  
To onward press  
Until they find  
This land of happiness,

Where, in the sight and scent  
Of our love's gain,  
They too will learn  
To banish pain  
Of parting,  
And forever . . .

Mission Canyon,  
Santa Barbara,  
October, 1928.



## LOVE OF THE ENDLESS YEARS

Love of the endless years  
Who standest with me  
In the new dawn,

As down the dry water-bed  
Come the first waters  
From the mountains,  
Loosing the parched tongues  
Of rock and sand  
To fill the dreaming airs  
With music,

So flows the stream  
Of our love  
Through the slumbering world,  
Singing the song  
Of joy and freedom . . .

Love of the endless years,  
Our song  
Is the new dawn . . .

Montecito,  
January, 1929.

## TAKE MY HEART

Take my heart—  
It is yours  
Before you ask it,  
Whoever you be,

Swim in my love—  
As swims the fish  
In the blue sea,

There's but one Lover  
One Beloved . .  
'Tis you  
'Tis me . .

Breathe me  
In every breath—  
And send me forth,  
To take me in anew,

Be not deceived  
And try to hold me,  
Thinking to keep me so,

Kiss me  
And let me go—  
And pass to greet  
Another,

Light together  
Flame that is only lit  
By two . .

In that light  
Thou wilt still  
Behold me . . .

Dongan Hills,  
December, 1928.

## LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

Love at first sight?  
Nay,  
Must you see  
Your love  
Before you can  
A lover be?

Must she stand there  
As stands the tree,  
Firm rooted, near,  
And visibly?

Such love  
Were but of time and pain,  
Not of eternity . . .

Love before sight . .  
That is the love  
For me . .

My lover's ever here,  
Seen or unseen,  
And does not wring  
My heart  
In agony  
Of parting . . .

Dongan Hills,  
December, 1928.

## HAVE YOU A LOVER?

Have you a lover  
You must cease to love  
Now you love me?

Are you so poor  
That you can give  
Love but to one,  
Not two or more?

You have not touched  
The springs within your heart  
Whence there may flow  
Love that were all too much  
For one to know . .

Brother,  
I give my heart to you  
That you may learn  
To love anew . . .

Dongan Hills,  
December, 1928.

## LOVERS

Think  
That of all earth's men  
But one am I,  
You, of all women, one.

How should we wonder  
That our love brings pain,  
When, through the chalice  
Of your heart and mine,  
The whole world's flood  
Of love must come,

Washing away all trace  
Of small unworthiness,  
Until—  
Ours is the love  
And life of all . . .

Santa Ynez Mountains,  
September, 1928.



## TWO FAIR WOMEN

You both are fair—

How fair,  
God himself only knows  
When looking  
Through my eyes . .

Other eyes  
Stare,  
And see not  
In you two  
What I see there . .

They only see  
Two women fair . .  
To me  
There's Beauty's Self  
Caught unaware . . .

Dongan Hills,  
December, 1928.

## SONGS OF MY LOVERS

Across the ages they sing  
As shines the light from distant stars—  
Songs of my lovers  
Singing adown the years,  
Singing through all eternity . . .

As I behold the light from many stars,  
Some seeming near and some far off,  
Filling the skies with wonder,  
Even so does the music of many voices  
Fill my heart with a nameless joy—  
Songs of my lovers  
Singing across the years,  
Singing through all eternity . . .

Behold I bend the starlight  
Into a million-stranded cord of fire,  
Up which I climb into the radiant heart  
Of every jewel of the night . . .

O hearken to the voices of my lovers  
Singing through heart of mine,  
Shouting for joy and freedom  
In the new dawn  
Where song but ripples silence,  
And peace is born . . .

O hearken to the voices of my lovers  
Singing across the years,  
Singing through all eternity . . .

Crossing America,  
December, 1928.

## WHITE SHADOWS

Through the tears and laughter of men,  
Through the wind in the waving cornfields,  
Across the face of blue heavens,  
Across the smiling faces of slumbering  
                    children,

They steal . .

White shadows

                    Thrown from the Land of  
                            Morning . . .

They play

In the depths of eyes lit with love,

They skim

O'er the silver face of cool waters,

They dance

Where the breezes sway the young trees,

They sink

Through the burning hearts of the fires  
                    of home . .

White shadows

                    Thrown from the Land of  
                            Morning . . .

In the dreams of lovers they rest . .

Theirs is the sweetness of the first kiss,

And of the last caress,

Theirs the swiftness of eyes

That pierce to the heart of beauty . . .

In the joyous song of youth,  
In the weary groan of age,  
In the pain of the hunted beast,  
And the lust of the slayer,  
In these they wait . .

White shadows

    Thrown from the Land of  
        Morning . . .

They sail in the four winds,  
The seas wash over them,  
The earth clasps them to her breast,  
The sun shines on high and dispels them  
not . .

Men rise and pass,  
The mountains crumble,  
Flowers bloom and fade,  
Swift wings grow still . .

Shadows of day,  
Shadows of night,  
White shadows all . .

White shadows

    Thrown from the Land of  
        Morning . . .

New York,  
December, 1928.



## *PART TWO*





## THE UNREACHABLE

My eyes are turned upward  
To the towering peaks  
Whereunto no path leads,  
My hand stretches  
To the unreachable . . .

But I glance with love  
And friendliness  
Into the green smiling valley,  
And lo, in the stillness  
Of a clear pool  
I behold the whole mountain  
Come down to me.

Matilija,  
July, 1928.

## THERE IS A TEMPLE

There is a Temple whose gate stands ever open,  
Where paths wind among stately trees of great  
antiquity

Planted by those of old who kept The Law  
And found The Peace

On to where slender saplings spring green  
From new-turned earth . . .

Skies roof this garden temple        where is no  
altar,

No priest        save him who enters,  
No incense        but the scent of many flowers . . .

And paths wind on and inwards  
To a wondrous pool of such depth and stillness  
That the whole temple lies reflected,  
Swallowed within its waters . . .

There is the tallest tree,  
And there the butterfly . .  
And the waters sink down through eternity,  
To encompass the ceaseless blue of the skies . . .

And streams rise in the pool from a hidden  
source,  
And flow out to the whole garden . .  
Yet bring no ripple to that ageless mirror . . .

And as he moves slowly on,  
Who has seen what he has seen in those silent  
    depths . .  
Who has knelt and drunk deep of their waters . .  
There stands a white gateway on his path,  
That leads to a new old world,  
Grown greener now      and full of song and  
    wonder . .

And turning      the pilgrim finds the white gate  
    vanished . .  
And the walls of the Temple fallen . . .

Santa Ynez Mountains,  
September, 1928.

## GALILEE

Tonight

It seems I could walk the sea,  
Even as Christ  
On Galilee . . .

A single light

Shines out from the shore,  
And a shining path  
Runs over the wave,  
Winding and broken  
Where breakers roar,  
Over deep waters  
Silent and grave,  
Straight to my feet  
Where I stand  
At the helm of my ship . .

Oh, shall I sail on

Adown the wind,  
Stretching the path  
To the fading light,  
Till the last flicker  
Is dimmed and gone,  
And I drift on  
Through an unlit night,  
Alone  
On the deck of my ship?

Or shall I steer  
For the lighted shore,  
Plough through the breakers  
And ground my barque,  
Leaving it there  
For the waves to gore,  
While I seek comfort  
From the dark  
And storms  
That menace my ship?

Tonight  
It seems I could walk the sea,  
Even as Christ  
On Galilee . . .

Off the Californian Coast,  
September, 1928.

## THE CAMP FIRE

At my feet  
The fire . .  
Above my head      the stars  
And the scented night . . .

The wind blows cool  
From the forest,  
Scattering sparks  
From the blazing logs . .

Great trees  
Thrust their heads  
Into the high airs above me,  
And quiver      and rustle  
At the caress of oncoming night . .

Brighter grow the stars,  
As the colour fades slowly  
From the west . .  
And in my heart      is peace,  
For all living things  
Are friendly,  
And the fire I kindled  
With the dead trees  
Is one with the Sun God  
Who shall awaken me  
At tomorrow's dawn . . .

You are mine      O World,  
Who know your secret . .

Mine is the life you veil,  
As this fire      veils  
The warmth of the Sun God . . .

Cloud Acres,  
Georgia,  
November, 1927.

## NEW YORK

Feet      feet  
Marching  
On the hard street,  
Down      and up  
Continually . . .

Pavement  
Walled high  
With concrete towers  
That eclipse the sky  
And almost meet  
High above  
The street . . .

I sigh  
For grass      cool and sweet,  
Far      from this street  
Of despairing feet—  
Of despairing feet  
Caught in the rut  
Of the chariot  
Of the God of Greed . . .



Must they stay  
Marching so alway,  
When the souls they bear  
Would be elsewhere?

Look at the eyes—  
The hard stare  
Of men who fear  
The street's snare,  
And drudge        and gape,  
And ache        to escape . .

But where?

New York,  
November, 1928.

## NEW YORK

New York  
I do accept  
All of your ache  
And strain  
Within my heart,

And there cast out  
The pain  
Of all your teeming  
Multitudes . .

Children again  
They are at play,  
Growing in my love  
To the day  
When long forgotten  
Is the piteous dream  
Of strife and fear,  
Proud luxury  
With hunger walking near . . .

Men of New York,  
Although my heart  
Seem small,  
Yet is it large enough  
To hold you all.

New York,  
December, 1928.

## DRIFTING

A plank  
Of a ship  
Adrift . .

Aimlessly floating  
Slow or swift  
With the current  
Close to the harbour wall  
That never shifts  
Though the plank  
Drifts  
In and out  
And round about  
And never lands  
Till the tide  
Goes out,  
And only then  
To lie half lost  
In the soft mud  
Where it cannot move . . .

New York Harbour,  
November, 1928.

## THE ROAD

Once more I take the road  
In the keen wandering wind  
Under the stars . . .

And though my feet carry me briskly  
Between the dark high hedges of night,  
And trees toss carelessly their branches  
Above my head,  
Yet is my journey but a part  
Of the one grand pilgrimage  
Into the limitless heart  
Of the Great Lover . . .

I am He,  
And I wander in the gardens of my  
    making . .  
Now hiding Myself from myself,  
Only to taste a greater sweetness  
In the next finding . .

Until at last I can hide no more,  
For all roads have become one Road,  
And that Road  
Myself . .

And over that Road  
The sun shines by night  
As well as by day,  
And the dawn no more chases the stars  
From under their dark canopy . . .

Strathmore,  
January, 1928.

## IONA

Small is my island home—  
'Tis but the fair, green hand of earth  
Outstretched through dark waters  
To greet the light and warmth,  
And feel the caress of wind . . .

A few fisher folk,  
A church of ancient stone,  
And a preacher  
Who tells of the will of One  
Whose hand raised this pinnacle  
Above the wave,  
To be their cradle, home,  
And grave . .

And there are trees  
And sheep and cattle,  
And whitewashed cottages  
That stand staring with glazed eyes  
Across restless waters,  
From daybreak till evening,  
When lights glow within,  
And seabirds gather  
To gaze  
On the strange ways of man . .

And all around  
Stars and the seas abound,  
And the voices of winds,  
And lashing waters  
White under the moon . .

And man by his candle  
In a frail hut  
Forgets the awesome loneliness  
Of his position  
On the hand  
Held just above the ocean . . .

When was this arm outstretched?

And will it be withdrawn? . . .

Dongan Hills,  
November, 1928.

## DREAM ISLE

Dream Isle—through haze of summer seas up-  
rising,  
Shores of my age-long sighs, wearily blown  
From many an ill-trod road, lonely and tiring,  
Through earth's dark night, on to release and  
dawn . . .

Peopled art thou with all the hopes I cherished,  
On thy green slopes I greet old loves anew,  
All save the soul of dreams is gone and vanished,  
Gone is the mist, unveiling purest dew . . .

Sweet Isle—no longer isle of unfulfillment,  
Here am I come at last myself to thee,  
Sighs no more leave me slave of earth's enchant-  
ment,  
Thou art my home throughout eternity . . .

Salt Lake City,  
May, 1928.



## THE MILL

Groaning beats of the tireless mill  
Sob out the passing of time . . .

“Make haste        the end will come,  
Run your race        dare to be still.”

But the wind calls forever, dreamily,  
Softly over the hill . . .

Matilija,  
July, 1928.



# *PART THREE*



## LIFE'S TALE

It is a tale as of waters rushing—  
This life's tale . . .

Under many skies,  
In the sun's heat  
And by the silver moon,  
Over smooth sand  
And noisy tossing boulder,  
Through deep mysterious lakes  
Filled with dark moving shadows . . .

Here is its stream prevented—  
There then will it flow . .  
Silently or with song  
Onward it hurries forever,  
Seeking an unknown ocean . . .

\* \* \*

Waters once flown  
Will not repass this way,  
But the same song shall be sung  
By other rippling voices,  
At the same bend in the stream,  
For yet many a day . . .

Matilija,  
July, 1928.

## EVENING AND MORNING

Only the wind's voice  
Calling in the trees,  
Only the red day  
Climbing over the hill,  
Only the pines' scent  
On the warm breeze . .

Only these and God's will  
That the world be still . . .

Only a shadow  
Passing with noiseless tread,  
Only the soft murmur  
Of winds new born,  
Only the light  
Hailing the hours ahead . .

That's all night's fled,  
Day's come 'tis dawn . . .

Only the rose  
Opening breeze shaken . .  
And God's will  
That the world awaken . . .

Santa Ynez Mountains,  
September, 1928.

## EVENING REVERIE

There is a hush about still waters,  
Comes with the scent of moist earth  
And the bird's last cry,  
At evening . . .

And calm celestial musings  
Steal through the heart's depth  
As fish glide through the clear pool . .  
Stately and silent  
As the tread of oncoming night . . .

Pool of the world's heart—  
Chalice of countless drops . .  
Steady I gaze in your calm face,  
And soon myself shall glide  
Through perfect images  
Of things and men,  
Lying within your passionless embrace . . .

La Casita,  
Montecito,  
September, 1928.

## THE EVENING STAR

Star lamp of eve  
Low hung in western skies,  
Speak to the world my love with heavenly ease,  
For these poor lips but human utterance give,  
And human lips deceive.

Shine into lovers' eyes  
And light love's mates,  
Lead them through whispering pines by silver  
streams . .  
Lead them as you have ever led—through gates  
Of white enchantment,  
To the truth of dreams.

Then from the vantage ground  
Of some high peak,  
In truth's clear light the Hidden Self they'll  
find . .  
Turn everywhere and see Him at their feet,  
And feel Him in the wind.

Until at last in their deep wondering eyes,  
A new light shines  
Bright as Thine own above . . .  
And each in ecstasy his own height climbs,  
And love greets love.

Dongan Hills,  
May, 1928.



## DRIFTWOOD

Bearing wood on my shoulder  
Across moonlit sands  
To blaze on my Father's fire . . .

Soon of this burden  
There will be but ashes  
And a departed heat . . .

But see        the shadow  
Of my wood and me  
Falls on the smooth sand  
As a cross . . .

Hopi House,  
Montecito,  
September, 1928.

## AUTUMN

Autumn treads with lurid torch  
Blazing the woodland trail  
From north to south  
Through all the land . . .

Forests flame and glow,  
Winds blow  
The red scalding tears  
From moist boughs of lord and sapling,  
Scattering them like rain . . .

While on the earth red pools deepen,  
Of tears just shed—  
A year's weeping for Summer's death . . .

Yet from the pools arise  
Stems that shall wear  
Robes of a new Spring's weaving . . .

The trees are bare,  
Sweet melancholy's here,  
Sighing in winds that croon  
Dirge strange and sad,  
For the leaves they loved  
That are fallen      dead,  
For the red tears shed . . .

But earth is glad—  
The red pools warm her breast  
For the long rest  
In the cold clasp of ice and frost . . .

Are Spring and Summer lost?

Easthampton,  
Long Island,  
November, 1928.

## THE THRUSH

Mist of the early morning,  
Wraith of dead yesterday,  
Clings to earth  
And about the branches  
Of bare trees . . .

A thrush  
Perched high in the old elm,  
Warbles his gladness  
Through the cold dawn . . .

Happy he sings  
In sunshine or in cloud . . .  
His song an echo  
From an enchanted land,  
Cool and fresh as spray  
From the mountain stream  
In summertime . . .

Carefree and simple,  
He pours forth his notes  
To the world,  
And is content . .  
As is the stream content  
That flows to the ocean . . .

O God  
That for man too  
Could dawn a day  
Of such simple sweetness . .  
When he might sing  
From the fulness of a heart  
That knows no lord  
Save love . . .

Strathmore,  
February, 1928.

## I HEARD A BIRD

I heard a bird  
Down by the river calling,  
Calling for his mate . .

Sad was his song,  
Sad as the red leaves falling  
At winter's gate . .

Summer was gone—  
And his love flown—  
And he alone . . .

Swollen the stream,  
Misty the dimming meadows,  
Fading the light,

Cold was the wind  
That moaned among the willows,  
Blowing from night . . .

His melancholy song,  
Echo of days gone,  
Fell to earth  
As the rays of the pale moon,  
Thin and wan  
Shadows of day,  
Cast from a bygone dawn . . .

He saw not me,  
And thought none sad  
But he . .  
He was so young . . .

Ojai,  
February, 1929.

## DEAD SELVES

Gone from the lake,  
Gone from the landing place  
That rang with happy laughter  
As the boats were beached—

My hand is stretched  
To feel another's touch . .  
I only clutch  
The air . .  
No hand is there.

Turning in pain  
Back to the house again,  
My feet re-echo  
On the empty stair . . .

Our old world's gone,  
And I must on—

God—we are dead  
Who once lived here!

Easthampton,  
Long Island,  
November, 1928.



## EVENING IN THE MOUNTAINS

If this I see  
Be but the shadow  
Cast by Thee . .

If this western gold  
Be but a dimness  
Of Light untold . .

Then lead me on  
Through sunset  
And through night,  
To Dawn . . .

Ojai,  
July, 1928.



# *PART FOUR*



## MY BREEZES

Long have I roamed among you, O my breezes,  
Long have I sat silently listening to your song,  
Long have I watched you at play with the  
    dancing leaves,  
Long have I lain weary at evening,  
To find new life in your caress . . .  
Long—how long!

Long have your voices brought me the cry of the  
    world's pain  
And its laughter,  
And I have moaned and rejoiced,  
And all the while I have loved you,  
And your chanting moods, and all your  
    playmates . . .

But now a song is born in my own heart, O my  
    breezes,  
And it wanders over the world even as yours,  
And there is no place where it may not pass . . .

Is it perchance your same song, and not another?

Listen, O unknown friend, and you shall hear  
    my voice!  
I have heard the song of the wind,  
And have understood . . .

Ojai,  
June, 1928.

## LIFE

O Life, I am lost in wonder . . .  
Speechless with awe at thy silent music  
Which floods my eager waiting heart  
Through ears made open with an aeon's  
listening . . .

The cowbell's soft note  
Through the evening stillness,  
The bird's song  
As it bids the world goodnight,

The rustle of dry grasses  
On the golden hillside,  
The crack of the huntsman's gun,  
That speaks of pain and of change . .

Through these,  
And through the sigh of my own breath,  
I hear Thy music . . .

In the green dancing leaves  
Of the swaying orchard people,  
In the slow journey of their shadows  
Lengthening into darkness,

In the sharp changeless line  
Of the purple mountain top,  
In the stainless blue  
Of cool skies,

In these  
And in the movement of my own hand  
    as I write  
I see Thy hidden purpose . . .

O Life, I am thine utterly . . .  
Now art Thou confessed to me, and  
    I to Thee,  
In my heart's silent depth . . .

Not me, and these, and Thee—  
There is but Thee . . .

Casitas Pass,  
June, 1928.

## WAVES

What was green curling wave  
Is now white foam,  
Now but slow creeping water  
Filled with sand . .

Green, it was cold and strong,  
Silent and one . .  
White, broken, turbulent  
And full of song . .

But the creeping edge of the sea  
Wets the dry shore  
Of futurity . . .

Carpinteria Beach,  
June, 1928.



## STARS

Stars

In a night of blackness,  
Bright wandering sparks  
From the eternal flame  
Whose light  
Casts the strange shadows  
Among which men move,  
Themselves a part  
Of endless dancing seas  
Of stress . . .

Stars in the heavens,  
Stars in the dewy grass,  
Stars in the eyes of lovers,  
And the tears of death,

Bright wandering sparks  
From the eternal flame  
That shine  
And pass . . .

Montecito,  
Christmas, 1928.

## HEIGHTS

High        up here,  
Little earth        much air,  
Swift wings        on free winds  
Spread forever . . .  
Here        earth is snow's prisoner.

Earth        dreaming prisoner of snow,  
At these heights        hides her  
              brown charms  
In the embrace of cold white arms . . .  
Frozen clasp of eternity.

Winds        from afar,  
Distressing white arms,  
And blessing the bare crags'         
              loneliness . . .  
The world's song singing  
To Lordly Wakeful Ones  
In Their high homes.

Sun      warm to sorrow  
Eternal white arms . .  
Thaw to tears  
The still, frozen years . .

Make them a course  
Over earth's breast,  
Down to the plains  
Of colour      and time . .  
Come is the dawn of a new dream . . .

Hopi House,  
Montecito,  
August, 1928.

## VISTAS

Gulls flight  
Stars flight  
Flight of wingéd thought  
Seaward  
Skyward  
Ages naught,  
Backward  
Forward  
On ever on,  
March of progress  
Long begun . . .

Aged  
Youthful  
Then and now,  
Moons long wanéd  
Suns aglow,  
Thence the coming  
Here the road,  
Onward  
Upward  
Flight to God . . .

New York,  
May, 1928.

## DEATH

At the end of the open way,  
Shrouded       unseen—  
After you've left the meadows,  
And left the dusty plain,

It rises up as you sink to rest,  
On the trail in the evening hills,  
A small gateway . . .

Others may see it not,  
It is there for you—  
Your hand unbars the door,  
Your feet walk through—

Leaving the rest of the way untrod,  
And the creeping shadows  
To climb the hill in your stead,  
You join the throng of the living  
      dead.

Mission Canyon,  
Santa Barbara,  
March, 1929.

## FLIGHT

It was my flight  
My freedom  
Won your love,

You watched my gay plumed body  
Flaming by  
On wings wide spread,

And your heart said  
I cannot choose but follow  
Or I die . .

I heard your call  
And circled in my flight,  
I gave my answering note,  
You spread your wings,

All through the day  
We flew  
From height to height,  
In glad companionship,

With speed that springs  
Only from quest of One  
By two,

Who pass through light  
To light until they sight  
Anew their momentary home  
Upon some peak,

And fold their wings,  
And nestle close for sleep,  
And tell their love . . .

\* \* \* \* \*

Waking at rosy dawn  
I spied a peak  
Far off and loftier far  
Than where we'd slept,

I woke you with a kiss,  
We spread our wings,  
Into the skies we leapt,

And sailed adown  
The winds of heaven again,  
With throbbing eagerness,

Both for the peace  
We'd left,  
And our new distant home . . .

Ah Love—  
The mountains never end . . .

Dongan Hills,  
December, 1928.

## TEARS AND SMILES

I am not in the vein  
To call your tears  
From where they hide  
In wells made deep  
With pain of years . .

The sides of wells are steep,  
And so my song were vain—  
Dry wells fill up again!

I only want  
My chanting wiles  
To draw your smiles  
From friendship's sacred aisles,

Where, hand in hand,  
The sinner walks with saint,  
In sweet communion  
Of lovers' union—  
Darkness and light to paint.

Tears are for those who separate  
Evil from good,  
And always hesitate  
Lest they should choose the first,  
And so be lost,



And losing, be outcast  
From the elect and great . .  
Tears will not melt  
Such hearts of frost!

Smiles are for those who tread  
With surer feet, and higher head,  
The middle road . . .  
Discarding good and bad,

Walking with hand outstretched  
to all,  
Nor being swayed  
To left or right, to dark or light,  
By separation's thrall . .

Smiles are for those  
Who love only the All.

Mission Canyon,  
Santa Barbara,  
October, 1928.

## DESTRUCTION

He pulled the petals apart  
Of the rose she gave him—  
Hoping to reach its heart  
And the mystery of living—

And bathe his tired eyes  
In the fountain of life  
And grasp the perfume.

But the petals withered  
And died—  
The heart stopped beating—

And he cursed his folly  
And cried—  
And lifted and kissed a rose  
She had dropped by his side  
In her retreating.

Montecito,  
May, 1929.

## THE SONG OF THE SEA

The song of the sea tonight  
Is the song of a million years,  
And the young moon's light,  
And the swift bird's flight,  
The same wonders that spoke  
    delight  
To dead men's eyes and ears . .

Oh the seasons come and go,  
Changing the crowded trail  
Down which the endless shadows  
    flow  
From dawn of time till the sun's  
    low,  
From owl's hoot to the cock's crow,  
And the world grows pale . .

Oh men that come must away,  
And they that are gone return,  
Back, ever back, and on and on,  
Voices growing from weak to  
    strong,  
Swelling to compass that unsung  
    song  
To sing which men are born . . .

Carpinteria Beach,  
June, 1928.

## ILLUSION

Seeing sea from the sand—  
Seeing sand from the sea—  
One moment this am I,  
Next moment that will be.

Yet so fine is the line  
Divides the sand and the sea,  
That search as my keen eye may,  
It has never been seen by me.

And ever 'twixt sea and sand,  
'Twixt the wind and both these twain,  
That line unseen like a shaping hand  
Is strong to curb and restrain.

Yet if water and earth, and fire and air,  
Are elements kept apart . .  
Then what do I see in the sunset there  
Each time that I look with my heart?

The earth and the skies are all ablaze,  
The waters have turned to gold,  
And there in the West  
On the mountain's breast  
The sun has painted his rosy crest  
And draped it with purple fold . .

Instead of green waters safe in the sea,  
And mountains chained to the earth,  
And cool winds blowing where winds  
    are free,  
A fire's consuming all the three  
With flames that leap through  
    eternity,  
Destroying and bringing to birth.

Yet awhile ago there appeared to be  
Brown earth, blue skies, and a silver  
    sea,  
And each one bound to its lawful place  
By a thin, invisible line in space . .

But e'er light fades there's a magic  
    flush  
Spreads with the stroke of the  
    Sun God's brush  
Across the elements seen by day . .  
And earth's illusion is swept away.

Carpinteria Beach,  
June, 1928.

## LAUGHTER

Laughter of leaves  
Blown through the garden  
Of murmuring winds  
In the dewy morning,

Laughter  
Filling my heart  
With the music of love  
That knows no death,

Laughter  
Filled with the sweet breath  
Of joy and anguish  
That none guess,

Who hear but laughter  
Of wind blown leaves,  
That cast pale shadows  
Under the trees  
In the soft dawn . .

But pain is gone  
And love is come,  
And ours is the laughter  
Of children . . .

Montecito,  
December, 1928.

## SEAFARING

Out from the shore and back  
    again,  
A little way,  
Not a long way,  
I'll try my barque,  
My precious barque,  
Still many a day . .

Out from the shore and away,  
    away,  
Never again  
Back again,  
I'll sail my barque  
In the teeth of the gale,  
To a land far over the sea . . .

Hopi House,  
Montecito,  
August, 1928.

## THE WILD ROSE

The branches of the wild rose  
Yield themselves  
To the wind from over the sea  
As it tops the steep white cliffs . .

Give me the freedom of the wild rose,  
Whose open petals kiss each passing  
wind  
In the ecstasy of freedom,

Whose scent blows cool,  
About the gardens of the world . . .

Bonnymede,  
Montecito,  
September, 1928.



















